The News-Herald.

BAY, APRIL T

DIED OF EMBROIDER.

was hushed, no more to say "Good

had been, And rich embroideries met one everywhere On sofs, mantel and on easy chair, And on the door, by patient fingers wrought, Luxurant rugs, small means could not have

bought:
Each table napkin and each pillow sham
Displayed a finely hand-worked monogram;
The childrens' dresses, from the cleast down,
Wintsver texture, color, blue or brown,
Were all embroidored with devices rare,
And every stitch was laid with chaesest care;
How pleasant must it be, when one is dead,
To leave so many tokens lightly spread
Before the eyes of those the leave behind,
That in our labors they brome comfort find;
Ah! does the grieving husband sitting there,
Appreciate these dainty transums rare?
Alas! he has in them too late spied
The instrument of her slow suicide;
And now their signit drives him almost insane,
So great the loss and for such naitry main;

Twould seem the peril ware to life, not dress;
And so to her he gave the matter o'er,
And on she labored, weary as before;
Embroid'ry seemed to bim the bane of life.
Because it claimed the whole scal of his wife;
And now he a to bea de his hearth, alone.
Reap ng from what mistaken views had grown;
And this conviction ever will abide.
That of embroidery his young wife died.

Reside him at the office, day by day.
There to lis a man upon the same small pay, whose home can not suen fair adorning boast.

Be invented in the state of the To think of what they are, not what they

wear;
And after all her daily dut'es done,
She gives herself to gludden every one;
Her happy face adorus their plain abode
More than the daintest work by hand be-By guarding health and temper, brains and

By gunraing nonce a blessed paradise eyes.
She makes her home a blessed paradise from which her children shull at length go forth with wisdom that shall beautify the earth.

- Mary W. Glesson, in Good Housekeeping.

MY NIECE CICELY.

A Girl Not to be "Thrown at Any Man's Head."

I go to a light opera sometimes to sit among the ghosts. They are the ghosts of those that sang and those that heard, and of winst was sung and what was beard when I did not go to sit among the ghosts. The greatest ghost of all is good Sieur Offenback's, whose gay spirit railed the boards in my old times of mirth. That is a long time ago.

bows were stuck out somewhat. He wore a short English topcoat and he plunged along at that knock-kneed lope which is

a short English topcoat and he plunged along at that knock-kneed lope which is now thought generally necessary to the social salvation of young men. He plunged past me with half a nod, and I was about to enter the theater when he stopped suddenly, turned and came back and touched me on the shoulder. "O. I say, old man," he said, "is that true that your nisce—that Miss Draner, I mean—is engaged?"

There was a little flush on the young man's cheeks and his stammer was not his usual fashionable stammer. I smiled and said: "No, Robert, ahe is not dead, and she is not wed, nor likely to be, and perhaps you remember the rest of the line."

It was a delicate matter and I did not know exactly how to go further, for I did not want to appear as an analysander from my niece Cicely, even if I had been one, which I was not. Finally I concluded my broken sentence by saying as kindly as I could, without deopping at the same time a conventional tone, "I would straighten that matter out, Robert, if I were you."

Robert had completely regained his form while I had been talking, "Ah, that's very kind, old man, very kind, by man, and wer night. "I just wanted to know, you know—member of your family—anything about you, you know, matter of interest. Good night."

He battened up his coat, switched his cane, as a signify me another half nod, was off again. "You unmannerly young brute." I said to myself, and then I smiled—quite compassionately. I think. For why should not a man have the same credit for buttoning up a gaping wound with a pair of terra cotta gloves under an English top coat as a Spartan boy who covers the for gnawing at his vitals under his Lacedamonian dlock! It is simply a question of times, manners, costumes. I knew that the smart of it, revived by the story about my nicee Cicely, had sent him after me to my rich and deep and inflicted in a manner that makes us believe either in the malevolence or the stupidity of fate. I knew, too, that the smart of it, revived by the story about my nicee Cicely, had sent him after m

when I laugh at her her fade and netions about music, are, milescaphy and what not, for all book this seem very about to me, who find all my knowledge of mon in streets and house, and to whom are matters are matters of amusement and not the pelme forte and dure tast people make of them nowadays with their struggles to comprehend all the various "masters." I do not know whether he had Robort feet a real interest in the things that the meaning her that summer six years ago at Alexandria Bay. He may have done to, for he

The least and profess of a flower by the company of the company of

was but twenty-8ve and had not got setlied to business yet. Still, I rather taint
although he rowed from the Thousand
distinct he rowed from the Still, I rather taint
distinct he rowed from the Thousand
distinct he provided from the sake of the outdistinct he provided from the sake of the deposition of the
filly in that curious cave and the waves
of brown hair that curious cave and the waves
of brown hair that curied down over her
dark forelead than for any wisdom that
might proceed from my niece Cicety's
pretty mouth, that turns down so delicatey at the corners like the old simile of a

There was a small garrison at Seckett's
therbot then. I do not think there is now,
and as it was just around the corner, as
one may say, of the river and the lake,
which meet at Cape Vincent, the officers
were forever running down "the bay" to
see their friends among the summer vistiors.

Among them was a young Lieutenant of
infantry, Blankenburg, Ithink, by name, a
met in Washington, and whose simple
nature she greative enjoyed for experimental purposes. He had had a campaign
against the Pintes or the Apaches, or some
other of the red barbarians, whom white
barbarians like this young Lieutenant
chase around that unitaresting Western
country every summer. As a consequence
he had as many tales as Othello, and nother
the boath is straigle with the paints
of the province of the red barbarians, whom white
barbarians like this young Lieutenant
chase around that unitaresting Western
country every summer. As a consequence
he had as many tales as Othello, and nother
the province of the red barbarians, whom white
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country every summer. As a consequence
he had as many tales as Othello, and nother
the head as many tales as Othello, and nother
the province of the red barbarians

young men have formed eleven "Kosha Okodakleiye," which is the way they call their Y. M. C. A. -It has been proposed by mis-sionaries in China that the new version of the New Testament, prepared by Roy. Griffith John, of Hankow, be adopted as the basis of a union version for all China. -Conversions have been reported from all fields of labor of the American

Sunday-school Union from Ohio, Kan-sas, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Wis-consin. Four new schools have been organized recently in the Indian Terri-

-At a regular meeting of the trus--At a regular meeting of the trus-tees of Dartmouth College, the request of students of the college that the read-ing-room be opened on Sunday was not granted, that subject having been re-ferred to the trustees by vote of the faculty.—Concord (N. H.) Monitor.

-A vestryman in one of the fashion-able churches of New York declares after years of experience in passing th platter, that the richest heiresses rarely put in more than a dime, no matter what the occasion for benevolence. They take the lesson of the widow's mite metaphorically.

-The maximum of daily school work in Prussia is seven hours for children eleven years of age up to nine hours for those sixteen years and upward. The standard is still higher in Denmark. No wonder that a large percentage of the children under such systems are re ported as sickly and weak-eyed .- Chicago Sun.

-The following statistics of the Welsh churches are taken from the most trustworthy sources: In the year 1881, the population of Wales was 1,571,267. The Nonconformist denominations comprise 864,389 of this number, and pos-sess 4.447 churches; Calvinistic Methodists (Presbyterians), 277,290; Congregationalists, 276,201; Baptists, 195, 631; Weslevan Methodists, 86,438; Primitive Methodists, 19,382; Uni-tarians, 5.000; and Methodist Free Church, Society of Friends, and Scotch Presbyterians number 1,608.—Christian

—The "Official Year Book of the Church of England" has published statistics of the amount contributed by churchmen during the last twenty-five years to distinctly church objects. The figures have been carefully checked with the view of excluding contribu-tions devoted to purely parochial purposes, such as the maintenance of ad-ditional clergy, or the relief of the sick in particular parishes, to middle class schools, to unsectarian institutions, and, with few exceptions, to sisterhoods. Even when thus limited, the total sum contributed in the quarter of a century is said to reach the enormous amount of four hundred million dollars.—N. Y.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-A wealthy girl never has freekles. Those specks on her face are merely brown-eyed daisies slumbering in a field of roses.—Burdette,

-Er man whut likes er song jes 'ca'se it is hard ter sing, doan know ez much erbout music ez he do erbout sci'nce.—Arkansaw Traveler.

-Aged Suitor-"I shall love you as long as I live." Young Lady-"That will not suffice. I want some one who will love me as long as I live."-Fliegendo Blatter.

-Teacher: "Why, how stupid you are, to be sure! Can't multiply eighty-eight times twenty-five? I'll wager that Charles can do it in less than no time." Pupil: "I shouldn't be sur-prised. They say fools multiply very rapidly."—Prairie Farmer. -The Chinese answer. -

You shootee me and hangee me, You bootee me and hangee me, Re doee workee, gettee boodle, Livee on ratee, poodle; O, me livee oh, so cheapee, And me workes, while you sleepee, —"If there's anything I like it's roast

goose." remarked Fenderson, as he passed his plate for a second helping. "It does you credit," said Fogg; "there's nothing so beautiful as affection amongst members of a family."—
Boston Transcript. affection

-Bothering a rich man by boasting of a set of malachite study he had just bought, a fop asked if he did not admir them. "O, yes," replied the man of wealth, "very much indeed; I've got a mantlepiece like them at home."—Peck's

and eye and hand, the polite "thank you," the quick notice of a want, and the ready hand to supply it—all of which, small in themselves, "conventional" if you will, add much to the comfort and attractiveness of the family meal. The observance of them could not go to church with her family; when her mother put her feet in hot water, gave her a dose of castor oil, and sent her to bed at seven.—Boston Post.

-"Fine horse you've got there," said Jones to a Kentuckian riding beautiful bay saddler. "Pretty fair hoss," responded the Kentuckian, with affected indifference. "Thoroughly "Thoroughly rained as a saddle horse, too, a'nt he?"
"Knows all the motions, he does."
"What do you call him?" "Thebes."
"Thebes! That's odd. I never heard such a name for a horse before. do you call him that for?" he has a hundred gates, of course. Don't you know ancient history?"— Merchant Traveler.

IN HIS MIND.

Two Darkies Who Are Approaching an Uncertain Fate.

We were at the depot in Griffin, Ga., waiting for the Atlanta train, when a colored man came along with a wheelbarrow and purposely collided with a brother of color who was coming down the street. There was a war of words for a few minutes and then the one who had been hit limped to the platform and said:

"Ize gwine to hurt dat man afore he gits frew wid me." "Why don't you challenge him?"

"Why don't you challenge him?"
asked one.
"Dat's no good, sah. Ize dun challenged him fo'teen times, an' he's dun
challenged me jist as often."
"And you can't bring about a duel?"
"No, sah. Ebery time I challenge
him he wants to fight wid pitchforks,
an' of co'se I doan' accept. Ebery
time he challenges me I wants to fight
wid shovels, an' of co'se he doan' accept."

wid shovels, an' of co'se he down so cept."

"You'll never get together."

"O, yes, we will. We's edgin' along to it ebery day. We'll keep dis thing up till himeby we'll agree on cotton-choppers, an' den you'll har dat William Henry Washington was cut down in his bloom at de fust blow. We's edgin', sah, an' in my mind's eye I'm de head mourner at dat man's funeral."

— Deiroit Free Prese.

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